

LICKING VALLEY COURIER

Subscription, \$1.50 a year, Always in advance.
Entered as second class matter April 7, 1919, at the post office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Courier Publishing Company Owners
HOVERMALE & SON Publishers
L. T. HOVERMALE Editor and Manager
A. YOUNG HOVERMALE Local News Editor.

Advertising Rates: 25 cents per inch, each insertion. Readers 7½ cents a line, each insertion. Obituaries, Cards of Thanks, etc. 1 cent a word.

Foreign Advertising Representative—The American Press Association.

Anyway, a wise man is wise until a pretty woman makes him act the fool.

"Socks have no visible means of support," says a brother editor. But that depends upon the sex.

We admire the man who readily admits that there are smarter men than himself. He has reached the age where the assimilation of knowledge and wisdom is not difficult.

FOR BOARD OF EDUCATION.

In this issue of the Courier will be found the announcement of Grant Lewis, of Pomp, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county.

Mr. Lewis is a farmer and a man of high character and a man of fine business. He is the son of "Red" Bill Lewis and is widely related throughout the county. He has never sought an office at the hands of the people and says that he asks for this office at the request of a number of his friends. He is well qualified for the duties of the office.

The Courier bespeaks for him the earnest consideration of the voters of the county.

FOR BOARD OF EDUCATION.

In this issue of the Courier will be found the announcement of J. Curren Nickell, of Pomp, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education for Morgan county.

Mr. Nickell is a former teacher and is now traveling for a hardware firm. He is also a farmer and a man of splendid character and good business ability. If elected to the Board of Education he will make a faithful and efficient member and will stand for progress and improvement in the schools. Curren is a good mixer and will doubtless make a strong contender in the race for that office.

The Courier bespeaks for him the earnest consideration at the hands of the voters.

"OUR HOME IS YOUR HOME"

WHEN IN TOWN

Come and see us and make yourself at home. Modern, Up-to-Date Buildings.

RATES REASONABLE

Commercial Inn

T. H. CASKEY, Prop.



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Young Carlyle McElroy, heir to the estate of John Moreland, son of a wealthy coal operator, arrives at the Halfway Switch in eastern Tennessee, abandoned by a life of idleness and indolence. He is determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, a typical mountain girl, "the last cracker-barrel of the hill," takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He and Dale, the son of David Moreland's goal, the old gentle man's actions convincing his son of his father's guilt in the killing of Moreland.

CHAPTER VIII.

Major Bradley and Henderson Goff. When Bill Dale, the expert mining man Hayes and the two mountaineers stepped from a short passenger train at the Halfway switch, they were approached by the moonshiner, Heck, and a man whom Dale had never seen before. He was tall, and his bearing was erect and soldierlike, though he was every day of sixty years old. His eyes were blue and twinkling with everlasting good humor; his gray mustaches and imperial were exceedingly well cared for; his teeth were his own, and as white as a schoolgirl's, and they bore out his general air of neatness. He was, plainly, Southerner of the old type.

CHAPTER IV.—During the night all the men began to sing the Littlefield song, mysteriously appearing.

CHAPTER V.—Dale arranges to go to Cincinnati to secure money for the mining of the coal. The two clowns find their weapons, which the women had hidden, and line up for battle. "Babe," in a fit of rage, kills the two. The Morelands ride across the top of the river, and is accidentally shot by her father and seriously wounded.



"I Was a Tryin' to Skeer Him Out o' Fightin' Any More," She Interrupted

John Moreland.

But Moreland didn't hear. He ran forward with his right hand outstretched, and so did Ben Littleford. Men could not have greeted a brother with more gladness, Dale thought.

"Hi, thar, Major Bradley!" the hillman cried. "And how d'y'e come on today?"

"I am very well, gentlemen, thank you," said the major, smiling.

He shook their hands heartily. "The trainmen got you my message yesterday?" he went on, still smiling, "and we were delighted to learn that the young woman was out of danger. I trust you are all in good health, gentlemen."

They assured him that they were, Moreland turned to introduce Bill Dale and the mining man. From the moment that Major Bradley gripped Dale's hand they were friends.

"Mighty glad to know you, sir!" exclaimed the old lawyer. "I've been hearing a great deal about you, sir, over in the valley of the Doe. They seem to think there's nobody just like Bill Dale! It was Bill Dale this, and Bill Dale that; it was 'Here's where Bill Dale whipped Black Adam,' or, 'Here's where Bill Dale was standing when such-and-such happened,' or, 'Here's where Bill Dale crossed the fence!'"

"Hah-hah-hah!" laughingly laughed by Heck, who stood leaning on the muzzle of his rifle. "Bill Dale is all right, major; ye've shot got my word fo' that!"

The others laughed. Then John Moreland said they'd better be moving, or they'd be late for dinner.

When they had put a hundred yards of David Moreland's mountain behind them, the old Southerner tugged slyly at Dale's sleeve and whispered:

"Let me tell behind a little, if you please. I want to speak with you privately."

They began to jog, and soon there was a distance of several rods between them and the others.

"I heard through Addie Moreland," began Bradley, his friendly hand on the younger man's arm, "about you and what you're planning to do for the Morelands. I tell you, sir, I thanked heaven for your coming, and you may count on me to help in any way I can. The Morelands are quite friendly to me now, though up to the middle of last summer they didn't like me any too well because I made Ben Littleford's cabin my home when out here."

Dale told Major Bradley and John Moreland of that which Goff had said to him at the gate. The major suggested forthwith that he go to meet the man; it couldn't possibly do any harm, and there was a chance that he would learn something of Goff's intentions.

So Dale went.

Goff was already there, waiting. He was sitting on a stone on the Moreland side of the river, whittling idly.

When he saw Dale approaching, he smiled and nodded, rose and pocketed his knife.

"I want to make you an offer for that coal," he said at once.

"All right," Dale replied. "If your offer is big enough, it will be considered. But no shyster price is going to get that coal, Goff."

Goff frowned uneasily.

"You don't know coal, Mr. Dale. You don't know the business of mining—or I've got you sized up wrong. Thousands of men have gone busted trying to do things they weren't used to doing. There's a big chance, too, that the coal isn't what it looks to be on the surface. You'd better take a sure thing, and avoid a possibility of loss. I'll give you five thousand, spot cash, for that coal."

Dale shook his head. "You'll have to come heavier than that, y'know, if you get the Moreland coal."

"And an extra thousand for your self!"

Dale laughed a low, queer laugh.

"You amuse me, Goff," said he. "Seems to me you've missed your calling in life. What a peach of a king-villain you'd make in melodrama! You wouldn't have to act, either; you've got to be just your natural self. And you make me mad, too, Goff. Because I'm on the square with the Morelands and everybody else—now, get that!"

"He's here now," answered the major. "He's been here for three days, and he's been working devilment fast. He was up here last summer, trying to buy the Moreland coal for a song; he knows all the people, you see. As soon as he landed here on this present trip, he found out about your intentions. Then, at night, he freed Adam Dale from his tobacco barn prison, and went home with him."

"Well, By Heck followed them and did some eavesdropping—poor By has his strong points!" the major went on. "Goff learned that Adam Dale's father knew about the coal vein long before David Moreland discovered it and got lawful possession of the mountain. Then Goff made the Morelands believe that they were due a big share of the proceeds of the Moreland coal! It wasn't very hard to do, I guess. The Morelands, this set, at least, were originally lowlanders; they took to the mountains, I understand, to keep from being forced to fight during the Civil War."

"Goff's idea," muttered Dale, "is to get the Morelands to scare me into sellin'."

Instead of developing, eh?" "Exactly," nodded old Bradley. "Then he would settle with the Morelands by giving them a dollar or two a day for digging coal; perhaps he would put them off until the mine was worked out for half of that, and then skip. Anyway, Goff would come out at the big end."

"I see," said Dale.

"If there's anything that I can do, at any time, you won't hesitate to let me know!" said the major.

"You may consider your attorney and legal adviser for the Moreland Coal company, of which I have the power to be general manager," smiled Dale. "If you will."

Major Bradley's voice came happily. "My dear boy, I am glad to accept! And there shall be no charge for any service that I may render."

They were not long in reaching the green valley, which lay very beautiful and very peaceful in the warm light of the early July sun. The soft murmuring of the crystal river and the low, slow tinkling of the cowbells made music that was sweet and pleasing.

Suddenly John Moreland stopped, uttered a swearword under his breath, turned and went back to Dale.

"The's a man a-waitin' on us ahead thar, Bill," he drawled, "at ye shore want to watch like a hawk to keep him from a-stealin' the eye-teeth out o' ye're head. His name is Henderson Goff, and he wants coal."

They went on. Soon they met a man who, in clothing and manner, made Dale think of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. His eyes were black, and as keen as a pair of spear-points; his mustaches, too, were black, and they had sharp, upturned ends like those of a Mephisto.

The major had said that he was smooth article; he certainly looked it.

He met John Moreland with an oily smile and thrust out his hand. But Moreland wouldn't see the hand.

"Anything ye've got to say about coal," he growled, "ye can say to Bill Dale that," pointing with a calloused thumb. "Bill he's the high light o' the whole business; and when he opens his mouth, ye can cock yore head to one side and listen to gawpel."

They went on. Soon they met a man who, in clothing and manner, made Dale think of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. His eyes were black, and as keen as a pair of spear-points; his mustaches, too, were black, and they had sharp, upturned ends like those of a Mephisto.

The major had said that he was smooth article; he certainly looked it.

He met John Moreland with an oily smile and thrust out his hand. But Moreland wouldn't see the hand.

"Anything ye've got to say about coal," he growled, "ye can say to Bill Dale that," pointing with a calloused thumb. "Bill he's the high light o' the whole business; and when he opens his mouth, ye can cock yore head to one side and listen to gawpel."

They went on. Soon they met a man who, in clothing and manner, made Dale think of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. His eyes were black, and as keen as a pair of spear-points; his mustaches, too, were black, and they had sharp, upturned ends like those of a Mephisto.

The major had said that he was smooth article; he certainly looked it.

He met John Moreland with an oily smile and thrust out his hand. But Moreland wouldn't see the hand.

"Anything ye've got to say about coal," he growled, "ye can say to Bill Dale that," pointing with a calloused thumb. "Bill he's the high light o' the whole business; and when he opens his mouth, ye can cock yore head to one side and listen to gawpel."

They went on. Soon they met a man who, in clothing and manner, made Dale think of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. His eyes were black, and as keen as a pair of spear-points; his mustaches, too, were black, and they had sharp, upturned ends like those of a Mephisto.

The major had said that he was smooth article; he certainly looked it.

He met John Moreland with an oily smile and thrust out his hand. But Moreland wouldn't see the hand.

"Anything ye've got to say about coal," he growled, "ye can say to Bill Dale that," pointing with a calloused thumb. "Bill he's the high light o' the whole business; and when he opens his mouth, ye can cock yore head to one side and listen to gawpel."

They went on. Soon they met a man who, in clothing and manner, made Dale think of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. His eyes were black, and as keen as a pair of spear-points; his mustaches, too, were black, and they had sharp, upturned ends like those of a Mephisto.

The major had said that he was smooth article; he certainly looked it.

He met John Moreland with an oily smile and thrust out his hand. But Moreland wouldn't see the hand.

"Anything ye've got to say about coal," he growled, "ye can say to Bill Dale that," pointing with a calloused thumb. "Bill he's the high light o' the whole business; and when he opens his mouth, ye can cock yore head to one side and listen to gawpel."

They went on. Soon they met a man who, in clothing and manner, made Dale think of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. His eyes were black, and as keen as a pair of spear-points; his mustaches, too, were black, and they had sharp, upturned ends like those of a Mephisto.

The major had said that he was smooth article; he certainly looked it.

He met John Moreland with an oily smile and thrust out his hand. But Moreland wouldn't see the hand.

"Anything ye've got to say about coal," he growled, "ye can say to Bill Dale that," pointing with a calloused thumb. "Bill he's the high light o' the whole business; and when he opens his mouth, ye can cock yore head to one side and listen to gawpel."

They went on. Soon they met a man who, in clothing and manner, made Dale think of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. His eyes were black, and as keen as a pair of spear-points; his mustaches, too, were black, and they had sharp, upturned ends like those of a Mephisto.

The major had said that he was smooth article; he certainly looked it.

He met John Moreland with an oily smile and thrust out his hand. But Moreland wouldn't see the hand.

"Anything ye've got to say about coal," he growled, "ye can say to Bill Dale that," pointing with a calloused thumb. "Bill he's the high light o' the whole business; and when he opens his mouth, ye can cock yore head to one side and listen to gawpel."

They went on. Soon they met a man who, in clothing and manner, made Dale think of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. His eyes were black, and as keen as a pair of spear-points; his mustaches, too, were black, and they had sharp, upturned ends like those of a Mephisto.

The major had said that he was smooth article; he certainly looked it.

He met John Moreland with an oily smile and thrust out his hand. But Moreland wouldn't see the hand.

"Anything ye've got to say about coal," he growled, "ye can say to Bill Dale that," pointing with a calloused thumb. "Bill he's the high light o' the whole business; and when he opens his mouth, ye can cock yore head to one side and listen to gawpel."

They went on. Soon they met a man who, in clothing and manner, made Dale think of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. His eyes were black, and as keen as a pair of spear-points; his mustaches, too, were black, and they had sharp, upturned ends like those of a Mephisto.

The major had said that he was smooth article; he certainly looked it.

He met John Moreland with an oily smile and thrust out his hand. But Moreland wouldn't see the hand.

"Anything ye've got to say about coal," he growled, "ye can say to Bill Dale that," pointing with a calloused thumb. "Bill he's the high light o' the whole business; and when he opens his mouth, ye can cock yore head to one side and listen to gawpel."

They went on. Soon they met a man who, in clothing and manner, made Dale think of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. His eyes were black, and as keen as a pair of spear-points; his mustaches, too, were black, and they had sharp, upturned ends like those of a Mephisto.

The major had said that he was smooth article; he certainly looked it.

He met John Moreland with an oily smile and thrust out his hand. But Moreland wouldn't see the hand.

"Anything ye've got to say about coal," he growled, "ye can say to Bill Dale that," pointing

GUMPTION

Our Motto: One country, one flag, one wife at a time.
Our Aim: To tell the truth though the heavens fall.
Our Hope: To cure cussedness or kill the cusses.

By L. T. Hovermale.



"OUT OF POLITICS."

There is an amendment to the State Constitution to be submitted to the voters of the State his fall for ratification that is claimed will take the Office of Superintendent of Instruction "Out of Politics." There is such a unanimity of opinion among the daily press of the State, regardless of politics, in favor of the amendment that we rural roosters are beginning to look into the matter. To give the matter an extra boost Governor Morrow has published the names of the board who will have the appointment of the Superintendent, to be appointed by him to the public and of the nine he names five Democrats. That looks to be eminently fair, and on the first blush looks a very magnanimous act on his part, but is it really such? It would be an easy matter to appoint a few of the Democrats who would be pledged to appoint the man suggested by the Governor.

G

"Beware of the Greeks when they come offering gifts," might well be applied to the Republican administration in Kentucky. They gave us a wooden horse loaded inside with armed soldiers when they put over the alleged non-partisan judiciary bill. The joker in the bill was not discovered until it had had the effect, or nearly so, that the Republican sponsors for it intended to have. Twenty-four of the thirty-six judicial districts are Democratic and the "non-partisan" judiciary bill is the most partisan bill that could have been framed, and the Republicans in this district are trying to use the Democrats to rake their Senatorial chestnuts out of the fire for them and don't even intend to search their own paws in the judicial fires.

G

I don't know whether or not I am in favor of the non-partisan school

I would guess all of them—George Colvin. I have no criticism for Mr.

(Established 1886 by N. H. Witherspoon.)

WINCHESTER BANK

WINCHESTER, KY

Capital \$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits 225,000.00
Shareholders' Liability 100,000.00

President ADDISON T. WHITT,
Vice Presidents W. D. Strode and W. R. Sphar,
Cashiers C. B. Strother and Holly W. Stevenson,

3 per cent Interest On Time Deposits.

We want your bank account, and promise you prompt and efficient service. Liberal accommodations granted in line with safety.

Ohio & Kentucky Railway

EFFECTIVE:

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1920

NORTH BOUND

	19	17	16	18	14	20
Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Sunday	Daily	
F.M. Ar.	A. M. Ar.	A. M. Ar.	A. M. Ar.	A. M. Ar.	A. M. Ar.	A. M. Ar.
1:35	7:00	...Licking River...	6:50	1:20	1:20	
1:33	7:11	Index	6:40	1:10	1:10	
1:51	7:19	Malone	6:32	1:02	1:02	
1:55	7:23	Wells	6:28	12:58	12:58	
2:10	7:35	Caney	6:15	12:45	12:45	
2:15	7:40	Cannel City	6:10	12:20	12:20	6:10
2:35	8:00	Helechawa	6:03	12:03	5:54	
2:41	8:06	Lee City	6:00	11:57	5:48	
3:00	8:34	Wilhurst	6:00	11:29	5:20	
3:15	8:40	Vanceve	6:00	11:28	5:14	
3:35	9:00	O. & K. Junction	6:00	4:50		
P.M. Lv.	A. M. Lv.	A. W. Ar.	P. M. Ar.	P. M. Ar.	P. M. Ar.	

Note that North-bound train No. 14 is Sunday only; Nos. 16 and 18 Daily Except Sunday; No. 20 Daily. South-bound No. 17 is Daily except Sunday and No. 19 Daily.

UNITED STATES MARBLE COMPANY,

Canton, Georgia



MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, MARKERS, ETC.

Fine Grade Marble and Granite

Best Quality Work

Georgia Marble. Granite, the "Stone Eternal". All styles of stones and monuments at lowest prices For designs and prices see

W. P. HALSEY.
Demund, Ky.



Salmon P. Chase
As a farmer boy
he saved his money
and got an education.

Then he taught school, became United States Senator, Secretary of the Treasury in President Lincoln's cabinet, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

There is no limit to the big achievements that can grow out of small savings in the beginning. If your ambition goes no further than marriage, home, children, education for the children, a happy old age, it will require money.

Deposit a part of your earnings regularly in this bank. Be thus insured against want, and be ready to grasp opportunity for profitable investment. Success comes rarely in any other way.

Multiply your money in our care.

COMMERCIAL BANK

West Liberty, Ky.

Capital and Surplus ----- \$36,000.00
Resources, over ----- 400,000.00

We Pay 4 per cent on Time Deposits.

Floyd Arnett, President. C. K. Stacy, Cashier.
T. J. Elam, Vice President. Elsie Arnett, Ass't Cashier.

Colvin as an officer, but I'd just therefore must be wrong. If the question is "leetle" rather see him succeeded by now should arise three years from now a competent Democrat. The Joint when we will have a Democratic State High Commission that elected Hayes administration, and the question should be put up to us I might be for it especially if the amendment gave the Democratic Governor power to appoint the Board for life or during good behavior, and it were fixed so that they could elect the successors in case of death of a member. That would be almost as non-partisan as this proposition, and would suit me better.

More, every Democrat in Kentucky should vote the straight Democratic ticket this fall to avoid Republican "non-partisan" pitfalls.

The CLAN CALL

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

(Continued from page two.)

drills, and explosives. In the meantime, you and I can stake out the way for the track."

It sounded businesslike, Dale thought.

Within the hour John Moreland and his son Caleb started for Carterville on foot, and in the older man's pocket was money sufficient to buy the things that were needed.

Dale and Hayes set out for the north end of David Moreland's mountain, and each of them carried a hand-ax for making stakes.

It was not often that the quiet Hayes permitted himself to go into raptures over anything; however, he went into raptures over the Moreland coal.

It was, he declared, one of the best propositions he had ever seen.

It was no wonder that Henderson Goff was determined to get possession of it, he said.

Then they went to work.

By sundown two days later they had chosen the route for the narrow-gauge railroad and set stakes accordingly.

Hayes told his general manager that with a good force of men the last rail could be put down within two months.

During those two days they had several times seen Henderson Goff in company with Black Adam Hall and some of his relatives. Once they had come upon Goff talking earnestly with Saul Littleford, the big, bearded, gaunt brother of the Littleford chief. Hayes reminded Dale of this, and said to him further:

"Goff will have the Littlefords on his side the first thing you know!

Maybe some of the Littlefords, as well as some of the Bails, knew about this coal before David Moreland got his mountain by state's grant at a few cents per acre. If you'll take my advice, Mr. Dale, you'll make friends of these two sets just as quick as you can."

Dale thrust his hand-ax inside his belt and turned to the mining expert.

"D'you know, I was startin' on that same thing when you spoke," he replied. "And I believe I can manage it, now that Miss Littleford's old feud such a big blow. I'm fairly sure I can manage it so far as Hap Littleford is concerned; it's John that's going to be hard to bring to taw. He should be home this evening, if he's had good luck, and I'll tackle him as soon as he comes."

Together they started across David Moreland's mountain, walking rapidly,

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

To the Voters of Morgan county:

I desire to say to the voters of Morgan county that as the Republican nominee for County Judge I will make the race through. I have been over a greater portion of the county and have talked to a great many of the people and have received many assurances of support from people of both parties.

I have been a practicing lawyer for nine years and also engaged in farming and the timber and lumber business; and, as you all know, have made a reasonable success.

The time has come in the history of Morgan county when sane business principles should be applied to the management of the county's financial affairs. The county is a five million dollar corporation and should have the very best business talent in the management of the use of the public funds.

While running as the Republican nominee for this important office I realize that there is too much politics and too little good business sense used in the management of county affairs in Kentucky. In selecting our county offices, where there is no question of political policies to arise, the people should vote for the men best qualified by fitness and character to administer their affairs.

I worked my way through school and whatever I have accomplished in the way of success is due to my own efforts unaided by others, and I am a friend of the laboring man. I have been with you and have bought timber from you and most of the people of the county know me in a business way.

If elected to the office to which I aspire I pledge you that I will endeavor to apply to the business of the county the same sane business principles that I have in my own affairs. I am in favor of good roads and public improvements.

The enforcement of the law depends primarily upon the local authorities and if elected I promise that I will vigorously enforce the law and be diligent in bringing to justice the violators of the penal statutes.

I appeal to all who wish to see Morgan county a model of law enforcement and sane business administration to support me, regardless of political affiliation.

Yours very truly,
J. H. STRICKLIN.

Always at Your Service for Printing Needs!

Is there something you need in the following list?

Birth Announcements
Wedding Stationery
Envelope Inclosures
Sale Bills
Hand Bills
Print Lists
Admission Tickets
Business Cards
Window Cards
Time Cards
Letter Heads
Newspaper
Envelopes
Leaflets
Bill Heads
Calling Cards
Statement
Bill Books
Meal Tickets
Shipping Tags
Announcements
Bills
Newspapers
Coupons
Pamphlets
Catalogues
Circulars
Posters
Blotters
Invitations
Folders
Checks
Blanks
Notices
Labels
Legal Blanks
Menu Cards
Placards
Advertisers
Fact Cards
Programs
Receipts

Prompt, careful and efficient attention given to every detail

Don't Send Your Order Out of Town Until You See What We Can Do

Legal Blanks for Sale at This Office

With Dale leading.

Darkness came down on them when they had covered half the distance. The great hemlocks and poplars loomed spectral and gaunt in the early starlight. The almost impenetrable thickets of laurel and ivy whispered uncanny things, and their seas of pink and snowy bloom looked somehow ghostly. Now and then there was the patterning of some little animal's feet on the dry, hard leaves of bygone years. A solitary brown owl pouted out its heart in weird and melancholy tones to the night it loved. There was the faint, far-off baying of a hound, and the soft swish of a nighthawk's wings.

Men from the core of civilization must feel these things of the wilderness.

Suddenly Dale drew back and stood still. In the trail ahead, standing as motionless as the trees about him, was the tall figure of a man. It was almost as though he were there to bar the way.

"I've got the Littlefords on my side the first thing you know!

"D'you know, I was startin' on that same thing when you spoke," he replied. "And I believe I can manage it, now that Miss Littleford's old feuds are settled, we'll be able to go down on his knees and ask the blessing of the Almighty on his enemies. I'm big enough to make sacrifice. Come—let's go over and see Ben Littleford now; won't you?"

The mountaineer didn't answer.

"You won't throttle the cause born in David Moreland's good heart on account of a little personal pride—I know you won't!" Dale said earnestly.

Moreland straightened.

"You mean well," he said slowly. "I think you're one o' the very best men in the world, Bill Dale. You often make me think o' pore David himself. But I'm afraid ye don't quite understand, Bill. I've seen my own son die from a Littleford's bullet. To go and offer to be friends with a man who might be the same one 'at killed my boy is a pow'ful hard thing to do. I'm afraid ye don't quite understand."

"It was a terrible thing, I know," said Dale. "But it was the fortunes of war. The Littlefords have endured the fortunes of war in exactly the same way. Come with me; let's go. I need your help; I can do very little without your help. Come, John Moreland!"

Dale went on slowly. "Well, I'll go with ye over that. But Ben he'll haft to make the fast break at a-bein' friends, 'cause I'm purty shore I never will. As soon as I git my hat on."

He arose, took up the lamp, walked to the front door and opened it, and called into the night:

"Won't ye come in, John?"

"I reckon I will, Ben," was the lazy answer. "For a minute, anyhow. But I reckon I can't stay long."

(Continued on page four)

ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to announce D. F. ELAM, of Indigo, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the November election.

We are authorized to announce W. T. WARD, of Pekin, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the November election.

We are authorized to announce REV. JOE HANEY, of Cannaville, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the general election 1921.

We are authorized to announce J. H. McGuire, of Pekin, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the election 1921.



Many people think that shoes must be tight and pinch the foot in order to look neat and dressy. But comfort need not give way to style.

Right Fitting Is the Keynote

Dress shoes that we fit to your feet can be just as comfortable as shoes you buy for service. And we do not sacrifice either style or neatness in fitting you.

Our pumps, dancing slippers and all sorts of dress shoes offer you a wide field for choice. Our styles and prices will please you.

BARGAIN WEEK

240 Denim Overalls, 50c per leg, seat free	\$0.25
Clark's 150 yard O. N. T. spool cotton, 4 spools for	.09
Best Cane Granulated Sugar, per lb.	.09
Best Cane Granulated Sugar, per 100 lb. sack	8.00
Dixie Shorts, per bag	2.25
Home ground meal, per bushel	1.20
Clark's mercerized crochet cotton, per spool	10



TIME WILL TELL

No truer words have been spoken. No maxim has been more consistently proved... Time has told in actual experience, more eloquently than words, the real durability and honesty of all FORD products.

And today after the unfailing test of time, FORD cars are giving that universal service where others fail.

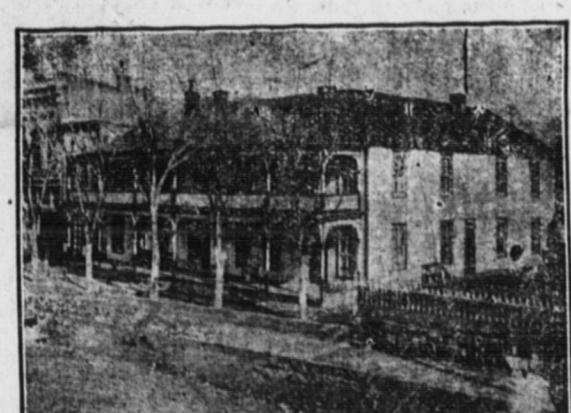
Over five million Fords have been sold and sales now exceed production. "There's a reason."

Place your order with us today for any model car. We can make almost immediately delivery. We sell anywhere.

CAMPION GARAGE
Authorized Ford Sales & Service.
Campion, Ky.

COLE HOTEL

The Home-like Hotel



Bath Rooms. Best Table Service. Heath Promoting Mineral Water in Yard. Livery and Feed Stable in Connection,

J. HENRY COLE, Proprietor
Rates Reasonable

Courier ads bring results.

THE CASH STORE

STORE GLEANINGS.

Our miller says: "We make the best meal ever." Mr. Rankin, the county agent, says: "Use acid phosphate with your wheat this fall." We have it in stock.

Mrs. A. P. Gullett says: "Your breakfast bacon is fine." Try some.

Mrs. Baldwin recommends our Swift's Premium hams.

The Boss says: "Friedman-Selby shoes look better, wear longer and cost you less per day wear." The Cash Store sells them.

Get your coal in for the winter and save up your taxes.

HARDWARE

Kelly Flint-edge handled axes, each	\$1.50
Corn knives, each	.50
Buckets for drilled wells, each	1.00
Buckets for open wells, 75c and	1.00
Galvanized well chains, per pound	12 1-2
Nails, per lb. .06 1-4, per keg	5.00
Barb wire, per bale	5.00
Granite teakettles, dishpans, slop jars and water pails, each, only	.75

GROCERIES

Perfection flour, per bag	\$1.35
Perfection flour, per barrel	10.40
Arbuckle's coffee, lb. 25c, 4 lbs. for	.90
Bulk roast coffee, lb. 15c 8 lbs. for	1.00
Whole head rice, per lb. 10c, 3 lbs. for	.25
Clean Easy soap, per bar	.05
Gold dust, 6 for	.25
Kraut cutters, each	1.50
Brass King wash boards	.75
No. 2 wash tubs	1.00
No. 1 wash tubs	.90
50 lb. can Swift's pure Silver Leaf lard	8.00
White table syrup, per gallon	.75
Salmon, 2 cans for	.25

Cordially yours,

H. L. HENRY
INDEX, KY

DRY GOODS

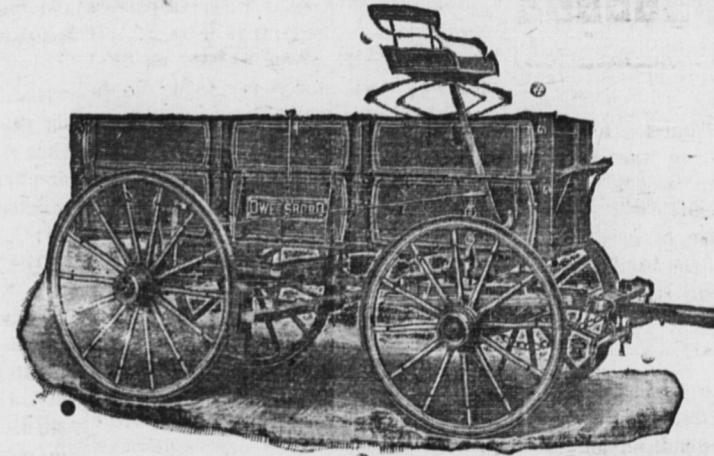
All wool flannels, per yard	\$1.00
27 inch percale, per yard	.10
Gingham, per yard 15c, 20c and	.25
All wool blue serge, per yard	1.00
36 inch dimity, per yard	.25
White Pique, per yard	.35
Men's work shirts	.90
Boy's work shirts 65c and	.75
Good work pants, per pair	1.75
Best khaki riding pants, per pair	4.50
Good khaki riding pants, per pair	2.50
Middle jeans, per yard	.35
White dress linen, per yard	.50
Taffetas, per yard	1.60

FURNITURE

Golden oak dining tables	\$20.00
Fumed oak dining tables	25.00
Kitchen safes	15.00
Steel beds, 2 inch posts	11.50
Steel cots	5.00
45 lb. Cotton mattresses	8.00
No. 8 Pine Grove cooking stoves	37.50
Ranges, \$45.00 and	85.00

All on the Easy Payment plan.

KUM AND LOOK.



WAGONS

2 1-2 inch gear	\$115.00
2 3-4 inch gear	120.00
Beds for both sizes, also heavier gears.	All wide track.

Hotel and Farm for Sale

The Commercial Inn, a modern brick hotel, building just across from court house, and farm of 150 acres one mile from town. Farm has 23 acres of bottom land, good house and well watered and fenced. Will sell both together or separately. Call on or address.

CURT LACY,
West Liberty, Ky.

For Sale.

70 acres of land adjoining town, 3 1-2 acres river bottom, good barn good well, coal vein, etc. Will also sell house and lot in town. Big bargain. My home farm. See REN F. NICELL,
West Liberty, Ky.



"The Snake!" Mumbled John Moreland.

itis, these grown-up children, was not yet very thorough. He went to his feet. John Moreland, too, arose.

"We'd as well go, hadn't we?" Dale replied, and there was disgust in his voice.

"I reckon we had," agreed Moreland.

They walked out of the cabin, leaving Major Bradley and Ben Littleford gazing silently after them. At the gate Dale caught John Moreland's sleeve and halted him.

"Why on earth," he demanded, "didn't you make the break?"

"Bill Dale, I went into his house!"

Dale put his hands on one of the weatherbeaten gateposts and looked over to where a bright star burned like a beacon light above the pine-fringed crest of David Moreland's mountain. He continued to look at the star, his face gray, until it glimmered.

Then he began to blame himself; he was the hope of a benighted people, and he had foolishly lost his temper at a crucial moment! He wondered whether it was yet too late, and turned his eyes toward his silent companion. He saw that John Moreland was looking toward the beacon star.

The voice of Ben Littleford came to them plainly because the night was so very still; he was reading from the Gospel according to Saint Mark, preparatory to his bedtime prayer. The two at the gate listened intently. The way in which the illiterate gnat stumbled over the simplest words was pitiful...

The hillman closed the Good Book and placed it on the table beside him. There was the low shuffling of feet as half a dozen persons knelt at the chairs. The prayer which followed was much like John Moreland's own bedtime prayer; it had in it less of supplication than of thanksgiving.

And in the tail of it there were words that were like bullets to the mountaineer at the gate—

"Bless the good man who is with us here tonight, and all o' one kinfolks, and all o' our friends, and i' o' our enemies—and specially th' Morelands. Amen!"

(This interesting and thrilling story will be continued in the next issue of the Courier. If you are not already a subscriber send in \$1.50 and have your name put on the list.)

Deeds and mortgages for sale at the Courier office.



"THERE IT IS AGAIN!"

That fluttering sensation means heart trouble!

Short breath; smothering sensations; inability to lie on the left side; pain in the heart, left side or between the shoulders; swollen feet and ankles; are danger signals.

Dr. Miles'
Heart Treatment

has been used with wonderful success in all functional heart troubles for more than thirty years. Try a bottle today. Delays are dangerous. Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Medicines.

Indigestion

Many persons, otherwise vigorous and healthy, are bothered occasionally with indigestion. The effects of a disordered stomach on the system are dangerous, and prompt treatment of indigestion is important. "The only medicine I have needed has been something to aid digestion and clean the liver," writes Mr. Fred Ashby, a McKinney, Texas, farmer. "My medicine is

for indigestion and stomach trouble of any kind. I have never found anything that touches the spot, like Black-Draught. I take it in broken doses after meals. For a long time I tried pills, which grinded and didn't give results. Black-Draught lies medicine is easy to take, easy to keep inexpensive."

Get a package from your druggist today—Ask for and insist upon Thedford's—the only genuine.

Get it today.

E 84

IMPORTANT STAKES

Of the Annual Fall Meeting at



LATONIA

(Convenient to Cincinnati)

Sept. 3rd to Oct. 8th

Latonia Handicap, \$5,000 added, for 3-year-olds and upward, one mile and a sixteenth, Saturday, September 3.

Autumn Handicap, \$5,000 added, for 3-year-olds and upward, six furlongs, Monday, September 5.

Covington Handicap, \$5,000 added, for 3-year-olds and upward, one mile and three-sixteenths, Saturday, September 10.

Fort Thomas Handicap, \$5,000 added, 2-year-olds, six furlongs, Saturday, September 17.

Latonia Championship Stakes, \$15,000 added, for 3-year-olds, one mile and three-quarters, Saturday, September 17.

Twin City Handicap, \$5,000 added, for 3-year-olds and upward, one mile and five furlongs, Saturday, September 24.

Queen City Handicap, \$10,000 added, for 2-year-olds, one mile, Saturday, October 1.

Latonia Cup, \$7,500 added, for 3-year-olds and upward, two miles and a quarter, Saturday, October 8.

These rich fixtures and a correspondingly liberal policy throughout mark a season of racing, planned in the interests of horsemen and public alike. The Fall Meeting at Latonia has attracted the best horses in training. Any day's program will be worth traveling miles to see.

KENTUCKY JOCKEY CLUB
INCORPORATED

LATONIA, KY., COURSE